

## WHEN.

When the days which now are dying,  
And the moments which are flying,  
Shall have ceased for us forever, with their joy  
and their care,  
Will the early friends who love us  
Come to feel their tears above us,  
In the hours which still remain to them to suffer  
and to bear?

It is sad that hearts which treasure  
Earth's affection, now must measure  
As a little span their living, as a certainty their  
death;  
But the harder, those we cherish,  
As we fade away, and perish,  
May forever cease to love us, with the passing of  
the breath.

For the bond of earth's affection,  
And the fondest recollection,  
With the passing of the years may pass and leave  
the dead alone;  
Only love which is eternal,  
Only joys which are superl,  
Can give back the lost affection, for the vanished  
days atone.

"All the dead are dead," the stoic  
With philosophy heroic  
Whisper: "And they cease forever, like the  
ceasing of a year."  
To the blackest depths, Avernus,  
It were better far to turn us,  
Than to listen to the teaching thus imparted with  
a sneer.

For there are no dead or dying,  
Though the voice of Rachel, crying,  
Is still mourning for her children, and will not  
be comforted.  
And beyond death's gloomy portal  
Life is life, and is immortal;  
They who sleep and have departed are not num-  
bered with the dead.

On fond recollection's bosom,  
Safely tucked, lies the blossom  
Of a human love undying, and which fadeth not  
away;  
And the memory shall cherish,  
Never more to fade or perish,  
All the lives that touch our own lives, safe from  
rain or decay.

So forget the dead, for never  
Can the living die; forever  
Shall life once given last us, though it breathe  
but for an hour.  
Though the roots of life earth holdeth—  
Only there, above, unfadeth  
From the half-developed blossom, at the last,  
The perfect flower.

## WINNIE'S FORTUNE.

The handsome dining-room in the Mayberry mansion was all a-glitter with floods of gas-light and the genial glow of the fire—for Mr. Josiah Mayberry was a very "queer man," according to his wife's opinion, and this fancy of his to have nasty, ashy fires all over the splendid mansion before the weather became cold enough was one of his "eccentric freaks." Mrs. Mayberry called it, with a curl of her lip, a toss of the head and a smile, almost of contempt, directed at the hale, hearty, honest-faced old gentleman who had married her for her pretty face, ten years ago, when he was an immensely rich widower with his handsome half-grown son for a not undesirable encumbrance.

They were sitting around the handsome table, discussing their 7 o'clock dinner, with the solemn butler and his subordinate in silent, obsequious attention—these three Mayberrys, father, son, and the haughty, well-dressed lady who was wearing a decided frown of displeasure on her face—a frown she had barely power to restrain from degenerating into a verbal expression of anger while the servants were in waiting, and which, as the door finally closed on them, leaving the little party alone over the wine and nuts, burst forth impetuously:

"I declare, Mr. Mayberry, it is too bad! I have gone over the list of invitations you have made, and to think there is not one—no, not one—of our set among them, and such a horrid lot of people as you have named!"

Mr. Mayberry sipped his wine contentedly.

"I told you, didn't I, Marguerite, that it was my intention to give an old-fashioned dinner? And by that I meant, and mean, to whom it will, indeed, be cause for thankfulness. As to making a grand fuss, and sending around our table only the people to whom a luxurious dinner is an every-day occurrence—I shall not do it. And as to the guests on my list being 'horrid' and 'common,' you are mistaken, my dear. None of them have a worse failing than poverty. There is not a 'common,' vulgar person among the ten names on that paper."

Mr. Mayberry's good old face lighted up warmly as he spoke, and Ernest Mayberry's handsome face reflected the satisfaction and pride he felt in his father's views.

Mrs. Mayberry flushed, but said nothing.

She knew from experience that, kind and indulgent as her husband was, there were times when he suffered no

appeal from his decision. And this was one of those times.

"We will have dinner ordered for 12 o'clock, as it used to be when I was a boy. We will have roast turkey, with cranberry-sauce, and mashed potatoes and turnips, boiled onions and celery, and all on the table at once. For dessert, pie, cheese and cider, and nothing more. Marguerite, shall I give the order to Lorton, or will you attend to it?" Mrs. Mayberry twisted her diamond rings almost roughly.

"Oh, don't ask me to give such an insane order to him! I have no wish to appear as a laughing-stock before my servants, Mr. Mayberry. It will be as severe a strain on my endurance as I am capable of to be forced to sit at a table with such people as the Hurds and the Masons, and that Thyra Green and her lame brother, and that little old Wilmington and his granddaughter, and—"

Mr. Mayberry interrupted her gently.

"Old Mr. Wilmington was a friend of mine long before he went to India. Since he came home with his son's orphan daughter and lived in such obscurity—comfortable although plain, for Winnie earns enough as daily governess to support them both cheaply—I regard him as more worthy than ever. Ernest, my boy, I shall depend upon you to help entertain our guests, and especially at table, for I shall have no servants about to scare them out of their appetites."

And Mr. Mayberry dismissed the subject by arising from the table.

"Would I like to go? Oh, grandpa, I should! Will we go, do you think?" The little, wizened old man looked fondly at her over his steel-rimmed glasses.

"So you'd like to accept Mr. Mayberry's invitation to dinner, eh, Winnie? You wouldn't be ashamed of your old-fashioned grandfather, eh, among the fine folk of the family. Remarkably fine folk, I hear, for all I can remember when Joe was a boy together with myself. Fine folk, Winnie, and you think we'd better go?"

"I would like to go, grandpa. I don't have many recreations—I don't want many, for I think contented honest labor is the grandest thing in the world, and the best discipline—but, somehow, I can't tell why, but I do want to go. I can wear my black cashmere, and you'll be so proud of me."

"Proud of you, indeed, my child, no matter what you wear. Yes, we'll go."

And thus it happened that among the ten guests that sat down at Josiah Mayberry's hospitable, overflowing board that cold, blue-skied day, Winnie Wilmington and the little old man were two—and two to whom Ernest Mayberry paid more devoted attention than even his father had asked and desired.

Of course it was a grand success—all excepting the cold hauteur on Mrs. Mayberry's aristocratic face, and that was a failure, because no one took the least notice of it, so much more powerful were the influence of Mr. Mayberry's and Ernest's gentlemanly attentions.

"I only hope you are satisfied," Mrs. Josiah said, with what was meant to be withering sarcasm, after the last guest had gone, and she stood a moment before the fire. "I only hope you are satisfied—particularly with the attention Ernest paid to that young woman—very unnecessary attention, indeed."

Mr. Mayberry rubbed his hands together, briskly.

"Satisfied? Yes, thankful to God I had it in my power to make them forget their poverty, if for only one little hour. Did you see little Jimmy Hurd's eyes gladden when Ernest gave him the second triangle of pie? Bless the youngsters' hearts, they won't want anything to eat for a week."

"I was speaking of the young woman who—"

Mrs. Mayberry was icily severe, but her husband cut it short.

"So you were—pretty little thing as ever I saw. A ladylike, graceful little girl, with beautiful eyes enough to excite the boy for admiring her."

"The boy. You seem to have forgotten your son is 25—old enough to fall in love with, and marry—even a poor, unknown girl you were quixotic enough to invite to your table."

"Twenty-three? So he is. And if he wants to marry a beggar, and she is a good, virtuous girl—why not?"

A little gasp of horror and dismay was the only answer of which Mrs. Mayberry was capable.

"Grandpa!"

Winnie's voice was so low that Mr. Wilmington only just heard it, and when he looked up he saw the girl's crimson cheeks and her lovely, drooping face.

"Yes, Winnie. You want to tell me something?"

She went up behind him, and leaned her hot cheek caressingly against his, her sweet, low voice whispering her answer—

"Grandpa, I want to tell you something. I—Mr. May—we—Ernest has asked—he wants me to—oh, grandpa, can't you tell what it is?"

He felt her cheek grow hotter against his.

He reached up his hand and caressed the other one.

"Yes, I can tell, dear. Ernest has shown his uncommon good sense by wanting you for his wife. So this is what comes of that dinner, eh, Winnie?"

"And may I tell him you are willing, perfectly willing, grandpa? Because I do love him, you know."

"And you are sure it isn't his money you are after, eh?"

She did not take umbrage at the sharp question.

"I am at least sure it is not my money he is after, grandpa," she returned, laughing and patting his cheek.

"Yes, you are at least sure of that; there, I hear the young man coming himself. Shall I go, Winnie?"

It was the "young man himself," Ernest Mayberry, with a shadow of deep trouble and distress on his face as he came straight up to Winnie and took her hand, then turned to the old gentleman.

"Until an hour ago I thought this would be the proudest, happiest hour of my life, sir, for I should have asked you to give me Winnie for my wife. Instead, I must be content to only tell you how dearly I love her, and how patiently and hard I will work for her to give her the home which she deserves—because, Mr. Wilmington, this morning the house of Mayberry & Thurston failed, and both families are beggars."

His handsome face was pale, but his eyes were bright with a determination and braveness nothing could daunt.

Winnie smiled back upon him, her own cheeks paling.

"Never mind, Ernest, on my account. I can wait, too."

Old Mr. Wilmington's eyes were almost shut beneath the heavy, frowning forehead, and a quizzical look was on his shrewd old face as he listened.

"Gone up, eh? Well, that's too bad. You stay here and tell Winnie I am just as willing she shall be your wife when you want her, as if nothing had happened, because I believe you can earn bread and butter for both of you, and my Winnie is a contented little girl. I'll hobble up to the office and see your father; he and I were boys together; a word of sympathy won't come amiss from me."

And off he strode, leaving the lovers alone, getting over the distance in a remarkable time, and presenting his wrinkled, weather-beaten old face in Mayberry & Thurston's private office, where Mr. Mayberry sat alone, with rigid face and keen, troubled eyes, that, nevertheless, lighted at the sight of his old friend.

"I'm glad to see you, Wilmington. Sit down. The sight of a man who has not come to reproach me is a comfort."

But Mr. Wilmington did not sit down. He crossed the room to the table at which Mr. Mayberry sat among a hopeless array of papers.

"There is no use wasting words, Mayberry, at a time like this. Did you know your son has asked my Winnie to marry him?"

Mr. Mayberry's face lighted a second, then the gloom returned.

"If my son had a fortune at his command, as I thought he had yesterday at this time, I would say—'God speed you in your wooing of Winnie Wilmington.' As it is—for the girl's sake, I disapprove."

"So you haven't a pound over and above, eh, Mayberry?"

"There will be nothing—less than nothing. I don't know that I really care so much for myself, but Ernest—it is a terrible thing to happen to him at the very beginning of his career."

Mr. Wilmington smiled gleefully.

"Good. Neither do I care for myself, but for Winnie, my little Winnie. I tell you what, Mayberry, perhaps you will wonder if I am crazy, but I'll agree to settle a quarter of a million on Winnie the day she marries your boy. And I'll lend you as much more if it'll be any use, and I'll start the boy for himself, if you say so. Eh?"

Mr. Mayberry looked at him in speechless bewilderment.

Wilmington went on—

"I made a fortune out in India, and it's safe and sound in hard cash in good hands—a couple of millions. I determined to bring my girl up to depend on herself, and to learn the value of money before she had the handling of her fortune. She has no idea she's an heiress—my heiress. Sounds like a story out of a book, eh, Mayberry? Well, will you shake hands on it, and call it a bargain?"

Mr. Mayberry took the little dried-up hand almost reverentially, his voice hoarse and thick with emotion.

"Wilmington, God will reward you for this. May he, a thousandfold!"

Wilmington winked away a suspicious moisture on his eyelashes.

"You see it all comes of that dinner, old fellow. You acted like a charitable Christian gentleman, and between us we'll make the boy and Winnie as happy as they deserve, eh?"

And even Mrs. Mayberry admits that it was a good thing that her husband gave that dinner, and when she expects to see Mrs. Ernest Mayberry an honored guest at her board, she candidly feels that she owes every atom of her splendor and luxury to the violet-eyed, charming girl who wears her own honors with such sweet grace.—*English Magazine.*

## a Plunge Into Niagara.

About noon on Monday a stranger, apparently about 25 years of age, dressed in dark clothes, with a black slouch hat, and a snuff-colored overcoat, his face smooth, with the exception of an auburn mustache, applied at the upper gate to Prospect Park for admittance, and after paying his fee entered, and walked along the bank to a point just below the tail-race that empties in the river. An attaché of the Park approached the stranger for the purpose of directing him where to obtain the most attractive views of the scenery. His attention was attracted from the visitor for a moment, and when he turned he was thunderstruck to see the stranger wading out into the rapids. He instantly shouted, "Come back, you fool! you will go over the falls!" The only attention the man paid to this advice was to throw himself forward on his face and strike out lustily for the brink of the cataract. Just below where he entered was a small cascade, over which he was carried. When he emerged his hat was off, and a moment later he obtained a foot hold in the rapids, and stood up waist deep in the foaming water.

Mitchell, the Park attaché, had by this time reached Prospect Point, whither he had hastened in hopes of being able to reach the man when he came down the stream. The stranger, standing in the rapids, saw Mitchell, and, divining his object, instantly struck out again, swimming lustily out further from the shore, and successfully placing himself far beyond the aid of the astounded man on the bank. Just as the stranger reached the brink, and as he went over, he doubled himself up, clasped his hands over his head, and went down to his death.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

This story comes from Westfield, Mass.: A man of considerable means entered a jeweler's store the other day and asked the proprietor if he would buy some gold. He was answered in the affirmative, and produced a small package carefully done up in a paper, which had the appearance of gold fillings, and which was found to be worth 22 cents. After receiving it the man said: "Perhaps you'd like to know where I got the gold. Well, I'll tell you. Twenty years ago I had a tooth filled, and yesterday had the same tooth pulled, but I saved it, pounded it up and washed out the gold. Made 22 cents by the operation, didn't I?"

—It is announced that Queen Victoria will pay a visit to Germany, probably about Easter. Her Majesty particularly wishes to visit Baden and Gotha.